

THE PASSION PLAY.

An Interesting Performance to Be Given in Germany.

PRESENTED ONCE IN TEN YEARS.

Great Preparations Now Going On at Oberammergau-Salmi More's Dramatic Experiment in America.

Oberammergau is only a remote little German hamlet, yet its name is almost as familiar throughout Europe and America as is the name of the German capital, Berlin. This is because of the fact that many years ago the peasants of Oberammergau began to give, once in ten years, "The Passion Play." These presentations became famous soon, and the work was taken up by people who knew more about theatrical methods and who had more money than the peasants. As each ten years rolled around, the productions became more elaborate. The next one is only a few months distant, and will be on a more magnificent scale than any of its predecessors.

The old theatre has been torn down and replaced by a new structure, which, although it will cost \$5,000, looks small, because it is built close to the foot of the great Reichen mountains, at the northern end of the village. Before going farther with the description of the building it may be well to say that "The Passion Play" is supposed to be a series of pictures of the sufferings and crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Several days are devoted to the progressive stages in the life of the Saviour, and the grand climax is reached in the death on the cross.



STAGE FOR "THE PASSION PLAY."

The new theatre has a center stage for the dramatic vivants and an ante-stage for the grand processions, which is a great part of the production. The center stage is framed by the facade of a Greek temple, and has, for the first time, all the appointments of modern stage technique. Both sides of the temple are flanked by the gates of the city, and beyond them appear the streets of Jerusalem. Then follow the grand processions of the Pious and the high priest, Annas, on either side of which are large halls for the reception of the singers and the representatives of the populace of Jerusalem.

All these things have been arranged with consummate skill, and the effect is greatly heightened by the towering peaks of the "Bavarian Alps" in the background. In former years it has been almost impossible to get light enough, but this annoyance will be prevented this year by the admission of daylight through the proscenium arch and the glass roof, which (for the first time) covers the stage, and by the introduction of electric lights.

The royal box and another box for the various high dignitaries, with ante-rooms appointed with all modern conveniences, are entirely under cover, as well as about 1,500 seats in the spectators' hall; the remaining seats nearest the stage have the open sky for a dome, thus preserving the aspect of the magnificent mountain range. Ten large exits lead immediately into the country beyond. In order to provide for accidents a hospital with a fire engine station will be erected near the Passion Play house. The entire area covered by the buildings for the stage and spectators' hall comprises nearly 3,000 square meters, which is about equally divided between the spectators' hall and the stage.

The erection of the Passion Playhouse, with the other buildings connected with it, machinery and decorations, has been placed in the able hands of Karl Lautenschlager, chief master mechanic of the Royal theatre at Munich.

The plays take place on Sundays and holidays. Joseph Mayer, who represented Christ in 1880, has again volunteered for the role. "The Passion Play" was made familiar to Americans by name only, through the remarkable career and melancholy end of Salmi More. Early in 1878 he gathered a fine company of actors and actresses, and made costly and complete preparations for the production of "The Passion Play" in America. March 3 of the following year, he began a series of representations in the Grand Opera house, San Francisco.

The scene of the crucifixion and the descent from the cross were omitted in deference to the protests of the press and the clergy, who pronounced it rank sacrilege. The supervisors called upon the manager of the house and requested him to suppress the play, but he refused, and increased a law was passed having the end in view expressed in the request. The play was temporarily discontinued, but April 10 was again placed on the stage. The police interfered, and finally, through lack of patronage, the piece was taken from the stage.

In 1880 More endeavored to revive "The Passion Play" in New York, but a storm of protests followed the announcement. But he at last succeeded in getting the use of a building, and gave a dress rehearsal before an audience of invited guests. The police authorities of the metropolis interfered, and a permanent injunction against producing the play was secured. Some time later his body was found in the North river, at New York. There is little doubt that, succumbing to the discouragements that faced him, he committed suicide.

Mary Anderson's Home. Mary Anderson's home on Mount Washington at South Hampton, says Truth, is in a grand house where some of the most notable of English people in literature and society have sought her company. She entertained delightfully—always with her mother's chaperone. The great hall which opens from the vestibule, with a ceiling nearly to the roof, and surrounded by a gallery, is filled with objects of art. Every part of the home displays the good taste and culture of the young actress. Here she has received Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton and Lady Betty, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Pembroke and the Dean of Westminster. Admired and courted by all, she is still the honest, generous, unassuming American girl who never forgets herself by neglect of old friends. Recently, among a number of distinguished people, she entertained an actor who once had "supported" her on her first trip through the United States. She introduced him with the exclamation: "Ah! how well I remember the days when we used to barnstorm through Kentucky!"

The International Outlook. According to events at the International meeting at Detroit there will be a team from there in that organization next year. It is proposed to admit Saginaw in place of Buffalo and Grand Rapids instead of Hamilton, Rochester, Syracuse, Toledo and Detroit are to remain where they are and ignore the Association. This will leave the Brotherhood a clear field in Buffalo, unless the League should prevail upon the International to fight a fight for supremacy here, which is not likely, as too much expense would have to be faced to purchase grounds, players and other ways. Deacon White will endeavor to induce the International league to endorse

the Brotherhood, thus leaving a clear field there.

Patsy Donovan.

Patsy Donovan has been signed to play in the Boston circuit during the season of 1896. He was born in Lawrence, Mass., in 1865, and when old enough took to ball playing as a duck does to water. In 1886 he played with several teams and with the Comets of South Lawrence, making an excellent showing both at the bat and in the field. His work came to the notice of Frank P. Hart, then a director in the Lawrence club, and Mr. Hart decided at once to give young Donovan a trial. On Memorial day, 1886, Donovan played with the Lawrence club, and the Blue city ball cranks immediately went wild over his new acquisition. Patsy is a great favorite in South Lawrence, and has many friends who are confident of his ability to shine in Boston's garden. He is a quiet, genial young man, and never touches intoxicants in any form.

NEW YORK'S NEW MUSIC HALL.

A Splendid Structure Which Will Cost More Than \$1,000,000.

New York is to have a great concert hall. The plans for this gigantic building were filed recently in the building bureau, and the preliminary work has been commenced under the direction of the architects. The contract calls for the completion of the building by Dec. 1, 1897. It is the intention of those interested to make this concert hall one of the finest in the world. If the present plans are carried out it will certainly fulfill the expectations of its promoters.



THE MUSIC HALL.

tations of the building. This building is not to be a concert hall with stage appliances of a theatre. It will not have a drop curtain. The stage will be a permanent architectural feature, just as much as the walls or ceiling. The whole interior will be so arranged as to be a sort of immense sounding board. The acoustic properties of the building will be nearly perfect as can be made. The decorations will be simple, yet elaborate. The electric lighting will be so arranged as to give equal distribution in all parts of the house.

The boxes in the interior are to be arranged in a novel way. The first tier will be entirely open, each having a separate ante-room with a private entrance. This tier will extend all around the house. The second tier will be partially closed, with small partitions toward the front. It will go only partially around, receding slightly from the first tier. The two balconies beyond recede in the same way. The effect is to give the whole an open, roomy appearance, in contrast with the stately effect of boxes piled directly on top of one another.

The corridor, which will run entirely around the house, will have eleven exits. The staircases will be made to slope, so as to make ascent an easy matter. Cloak rooms and toilet rooms will be in all parts of the house. A large banquet hall, capable of seating one thousand people, will be situated under the auditorium.

In the upper part of the building will be several large rooms for choruses, soloists and an orchestra, each having a separate ante-room. Directly over the hall is a gymnasium, and artists' studios will occupy the space under the roof. The building will cost something over \$1,000,000. The materials used on the exterior will be Aberdeen granite, terra cotta brick and red tile. It will be absolutely fireproof. The building will be situated at Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, and will have a frontage of 150 feet and will extend 175 feet in the rear. There will be entrances on Seventh avenue, Fifty-sixth street and Fifty-seventh street.

ALREADY PARADISE.

Why the Arkansian Didn't Believe in Giving to the Heavens.

It is a difficult matter to impress upon the mind of the rural man of Arkansas the necessity of paying immediate attention to the heathen. During a camp meeting in Saline county a preacher from Little Rock made an eloquent appeal in favor of the poor wretch who eats harmless missionary instead of eating hurtful pork. When the preacher had concluded, an old exhorter arose and said:

"Brethren, I've been mighty interested in this 'lectioner' for the heathen, and I would now like to know something about him."

Then addressing the minister, who had just taken his seat, the exhorter said:

"Brother, I would like to ask you a few questions. The boys all say that they are waiting to see what stand I take, so you won't object to a few questions, will you?"

"Certainly not."

"Thankee. Well, now, how's politeness in the heathen's country?"

"He knows nothing of politeness."

"Ah, ha. Well, how is the question of capital and labor?"

"There is no capital—no labor."

"No strikes?"

"No."

"Got no candidates?"

"No candidates."

"Don't have to wear no clothes, if I understand the situation?"

"They have no clothes."

"No lawyers there, I reckon?"

"No lawyers."

"Well, parson, that's the country I'm looking in for, an' of a emigration agent wot come here he'd better have some sense man in Saline county. Boys, I don't think we ken give Mr. Heathen anything, it would be as foolish as tassin' water an' pourin' it in the river."—Arkansas Traveler.

He Didn't Look on the Bright Side.

An Englishman crawled out of the debris of the wreck of two passenger trains, rubbed his eyes and drawled: "I daw say this will—ah—cawse another day, dey know."—Texas Siftings.

Discouraging.

Jenkinson (to M. F. H., who dislikes being bothered)—What do you think of this horse? (No answer.) Bred him myself, you know.

M. F. H. (looking at horse out of corner of his eye)—Umph! I thought you couldn't have been such a silly idiot as to have bought him!—Punch.

The International Outlook.

EXILES IN SIBERIA.

One of Them Tells the Story of Their Recent Massacre.

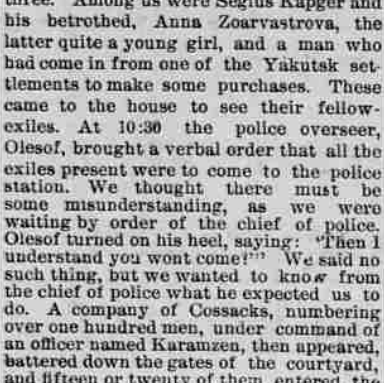
A PALE FACE AMONG THE INDIANS.

The Romance of the Daughter of an Army Officer Among the Blackfeet is Finally Exploded.

(Special to THE HERALD—Examiner Dispatch.) Chicago, Feb. 9.—A dramatic detailed story of the massacre of Russian exiles in Siberia is made public in the shape of a letter to George Kennan, the American traveler, whose articles in the Century have attracted general attention. Mr. Kennan withholds the name of the writer, who is still in Siberia.

"At 10 o'clock that day," says the letter, which I am one of the participants in the dreadful affair, we met again in Monkin's house to the number of thirty-three. Among us were Sergius Kapper and his betrothed, Anna Zoravastova, the latter quite a young girl, and a man who had come in from one of the Yakutsk settlements to make some purchases. These came to the house to see their fellow-exiles. At 10:30 the police overseer, Oleof, brought a verbal order that all the exiles present were to come to the police station. We thought there must be some misunderstanding, but we were waiting for the order of the chief of police. Oleof turned on his heel, saying: "Then I understand you won't come." We said no such thing, but we wanted to know from the chief of police what he expected us to do. A company of Cossacks, numbering over one hundred men, under command of an officer named Karamzin, then appeared, battered down the gates of the courtyard, and fifteen or twenty of them entered the house while others surrounded it. The exiles who entered with the soldiers were five of the exiles had revolvers. Yandem, the local commander of the whole Cossack force in the town, and Oleof, the police overseer, Karamzin, also entered and told us he had the greatest pleasure in taking us to the police station. We tried to explain our side of the case, and said we had not gathered there for any other purpose than to receive the governor's reply, but that we would go to the police station, only asking that Karamzin withdraw his troops. The chief of police then said to Karamzin: "What is the use of your taking us there? Do what you were ordered to do." Karamzin cried out to the Cossacks: "Take them." We were assembled in a room about twenty feet square and had gathered in one corner, from which position the Cossacks tried to oust us, by pricking us with bayonets. Some women, being wounded quite seriously, began to scream. Cartridges were rained to the soldiers the night before and they fired point blank into the miscellaneous mass of women and men. Five of the exiles had revolvers, which they had brought as a means of protection on their journey and not for the purpose of resisting the authorities. Nicolas Zotof drew his revolver, sprang upon the divan and shouted: "Stop! Stop!" The firing then became general on both sides. After one or two volleys the soldiers withdrew from the house, and the whole Cossack force found their way through the doors and windows. Schur rushed into the courtyard, crying, "We surrender," but was dead a short distance from the steps. Patsy, who heard the firing and ran to the house to see what the matter was, was shot dead at the courtyard gate. He was not implicated in the affair in any way. He was within two months of the termination of his exile. Joseph Estrovitch, already wounded, rushed into the courtyard, fell, and was repeatedly bayoneted as he lay on the ground. "As a result of this affair six of us, including one woman, were killed outright. This woman's stomach was torn open by a bayonet, and all of us were more or less injured. At the first hall in the firing upon the house Zotof ran out into the courtyard. He does not appear for what purpose. There he saw Governor Ostasakin who had arrived, and whom he doubtless believed to be responsible for the killing of his friends. He drew his revolver and fired at the governor. But for this there might have been no more shooting. Zotof, however, wounded the governor, and the soldiers returned men firing into the house. After two or three volleys the firing was stopped by Captain Vaznev.

One On the Old Gentleman.



Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

A Better Fall.

"Do you expect a raise of salary on the 1st?" he asked as they came down town together.

"I do," was the confident reply.

"So you did last year at this time, but didn't get it."

"I know it; but circumstances are different now."

"Going to marry the old man's only daughter?"

"Better than that."

"Where! You must have got an inside track."

"So I have."

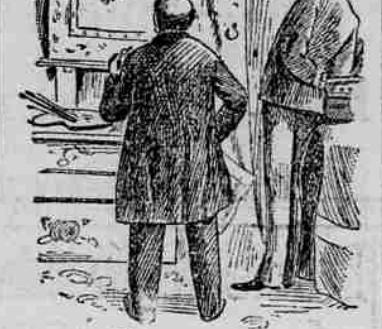
"What is it?"

"Last year he had three men of us who knew how to mix beans, chicory and coffee together to make O. G. Java. The other two are dead."

"And you?"

"A rival concern has offered me an advance of \$5 per week. He must come up to it or I go. His only daughter! She isn't shuddering to 68 per cent. adulteration."—Detroit Free Press.

One On the Old Gentleman.



Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and as for the eyes, they look like bullet holes in a blanket. Take the blamed thing out of my sight!

Mr. Barkle (who has become only partly reconciled to his artist son-in-law).

It doesn't look any more like Bertie than it does like a sheep. She never had a nose like that, and